

Danny "Evil"

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[Hook: Gavin Castleton]

Evil, I feel the sickness running under my skin
Father, when I get up to heaven, gonna let me in
People who judge me, but I know they haven't been
where I've been
I know the day's gonna come when I've gotta repent
But until then, I just keep runnin' and runnin' and
runnin'

[Verse 1: Danny!]

I keep on runnin'
But I don't know where I am goin'
The shit is just mind-blowin'
Surrounded by circus clowns and I'm sick of the pie-
throwin'
Ridiculous, I ain't knowin'
Where to locate my saneness
Oops, I meant to say sanity, Danny is brainless
Oops, I meant to pray near this canopy bed
Too bad there's too many hookers layin' in it, Danny is
shameless
You lames just shuck and jive like Andy and Amos
Co-signed by two giants, y'all still don't know who D.
Swain is?
I'm sayin'

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Danny!]

Was thought to be a pleasant guy my entire life
But somethin' snapped in me, nowadays I ain't wired
right
Paranoia got me feelin' like I'mma die tonight
Somebody gon' merk the kid
For all of the dirt I did
I swear I'm only human, but I'm
One step away before the evil consumes him
Engraved in his tomb, with a reputation in ruins
Y'all know the deal
I act aloof to hide that I'm real scared
Thought I outran my demons, rear-view mirror, they
still there

[Hook]

[Bridge: Gavin Castleton]

You wanna criticize me

But yo I don't know what to tell ya (don't know what to tell ya)

You wanna crucify me

But yo I don't know what to tell ya (don't know what to tell ya)

You wanna hold down me, I swear

Don't know what to tell ya (don't know what to tell ya)

You wanna pop shit at me

But yo I don't know what to tell ya (don't know what to tell ya)

Only God can judge me

[Hook]

Sometimes I feel like doin' a beat

Sometimes I don't

Sometimes I feel like movin' my feet

Sometimes I don't

Sometimes I feel like doin' a beat

Sometimes I don't

Sometimes we make you move ya feet

Sometimes we don't

[Verse 3: Danny!]

I'm evil than a motherfucker

Fuck yeah I claim it, come and see me you motherfuckers

I walk the line between a saint and a sinner, nigga

We're all the same, you think we ain't? Guess again, my nigga

Came to the game, stole a loaf of bread to feed myself

Read 'tween the lines, it paid off, now my records sell

I got the feeling that you're tryin' to judge me, well

H-E-L-L, y'all can go to hell

E-V-I, L

Sometimes I feel like doin' a beat

Sometimes I don't

Sometimes I feel like movin' my feet

Sometimes I don't

Sometimes I feel like doin' a beat

Sometimes I don't

Sometimes we make you move ya feet

Sometimes we don't

[Hook]

[Outro: Amber Tamblyn]
Father forgive me
I'm not the daughter I should be
Now he's in a coffin off Grand Street
Should've kept his hands off me

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